



# Afterlife



129 4 8

## Chapter 1 by ArammarA

I slowly opened my eyes, only to see nothing but darkness. I was laying on a cold, stone floor. I don't know where I am. There is nothing but darkness all around me. I can't remember how I got here. I can't remember anything. My past seemed to be one continuous blur. As my mind raced, I felt my way along the smooth wall, edging along slowly. Eventually, I saw a light ahead of me. It appeared I was in a long tunnel. I walked briskly towards it. As I racked my mind for any memory I could come up with, all a sudden it hit me. I stopped, staring into the light, much closer now. I knew exactly where I was. I remembered how I got here. And the answer scarred me to my core.

Because I had just died in a car crash. And this was the afterlife.

## Chapter 2 by Rippy the Blue FemScout



I look around, expecting poor souls to float around me, whispering thoughts. But none came. I walked to the light to see my funeral and my beloved 1958 Plymouth Fury in the parking lot, all repaired. I wanted to tell my family that I was sorry, but I couldn't. I lost my words. Suddenly, a hand was placed on my shoulder and I looked to see a young man looking at me. He said nothing

as he escorted my back to the afterlife, but led me to his huge black castle.

I slowly realised that he might be my brother, but I didn't say anything and I kept quiet.

He sat me down and offered me a drink, but I didn't take it. He waited for me to speak.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

### Chapter 3 by JM



"I don't know what you want me to say," I said, putting the can of soda on the table in front of me. "I'm dead and that sucks? I want to go back to my family. We don't need to do this now, right? Whatever this is?"

The man frowned. "I certainly didn't want you to say that."

"Give me a break. It's not like I've ever died before."

"Actually," he said, leaning back in his chair and steeping his fingers beneath his chin like he was a cartoon villain. "You have."

### Chapter 4 by whimsicalgrimsical



I froze. The Buddhists were right, I guess. "So reincarnation is a thing, then?"

A chill ran down my spine at the smarmy grin he shot me. I took a tentative sip of my Dr. Pepper as an excuse to look away.

"No. When you're dead, you're dead. Usually. You're an exception."

I didn't like the sound of that. This was all new territory to me. Afterlife is eternal, isn't it? I wanted to lay low so I wouldn't muck anything up for myself. It didn't seem I was doing a swell job at that.

He pulled a small gold pocketwatch out of his pocket, glancing at it. Whatever he saw was displeasing, judging by his expression as he put it away.

"Sorry, I'm afraid this will be a bit rushed. I'm a busy man and all. What happened is you were in heaven the first time around. Why you chose to give that up is beyond me, but you did. Your soul escaped back to earth into the life you remember," he began, dark eyes locked on mine. I didn't really see him. I gave up heaven. God, why? Why would I do that? I felt numb.

Where was I now? Fear began to

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"Don't worry, you're not in hell now, you're in Purgatory. If you escape again, which I now recommend, then you'll go to hell. You moved down the tiers. Understand me so far?"

## Chapter 5 by adware



Nine minutes later I was back in the gray parking lot with nothing but a bland dinner mint to suck on as evidence of our encounter. Everything tasted bland here.

I opened my car and collapsed limp in my seat like so much toothpaste.

What kind of idiot leaves heaven?

I turned the key in the ignition, I don't know why. The car stalled. Of course.

I hadn't felt worthy of heaven. That's what it was. That's why I made myself a fallen angel-- I couldn't reconcile my being an angel. I didn't deserve it. I didn't want it.

I wanted to be ground into powder and baked in the suns of hell.

The car started.

Still slack against my seat, I pressed the gas pedal to the floor.

The car and I slammed into a concrete wall. The mint stuck in my throat. The front of the car crunched in, metal screaming for mercy, but the engine still spluttered with some life. So did I.

Still here.

I shifted into reverse and pressed down on the gas pedal. The back of the car and I slammed into the wall behind us.

Still here.

I shifted into drive and pressed on the gas. SLAM!

My head was pulverized. My vision disappeared. My nose hurt a lot.

The airbag deflated from my view.

I was staring through my shattered windshield at a black creek reflecting a starless sky. The creek was directly below me. I was

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

In my rearview, somehow, I was directly above me. From the highway I had hurtled off of,

My car had stuck on a boulder halfway in its tumble down a sheer cliff. On earth.

"If anyone down there can hear me, stay still-- we're coming!" I heard.

I laughed from the draining well of air in my lungs.

"I'm going to hell!" I called back at the bottom of my lungs.

## Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account